

THE PRESS.

OFFICE, 14 WEST FOURTH STREET.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1859.

IL AMOROSO.

BY COVENTRY PATMORE.

When ripened time and chastened wit,
Have stretched and tuned for love's accord;
The five-stringed lyre of life, and
It vibrates with the strains of "Her,"
And "Woman," "Lady," "Miss," and "Her,"
Are names for "perfect," "good," and "fair,"
And unknown maidens, faded of
His thoughts with reverent care.
His mood, by heavenly chance, express,
His destiny with some hidden hand
Unveils to him that loveliness
Which others cannot understand.
No songs of love, no summer dreams,
Did e'er his longing fancy fire
With vision like to false, she seems
In all things better than desire.
His merits in her presence glow,
To match the promise in her eyes,
And round her happy footsteps blow
The authentic airs of Paradise.
For love of her he cannot sleep,
Her beauty haunts him all the night,
It melts his heart, it makes him weep
For wonder, worship and delight.

Reminiscences of Distinguished Actors.

ELLEN TREW.—Ellen Trew had a great gift of woman's winning softness. She was an elegant, graceful, delicate actress; refined, well studied; playful, lively, earnest, in comedy; her Rosalind, Mrs. Oakley, Lady Teazle, Beatrice, were all charming performances. In a certain line of tragedy, too, she displayed great concentration of passion, a subdued intensity, a suppressed fire, that seemed to burn her up and gnaw her heart; as in the Countess in "Love," Ginevra in the "Legend of Florence," and others; the woman spoke out in all these. Her Mrs. Haller was the most naturally touching performance of that character which I ever witnessed. She is a noble creature, too, in face and form, not unlike Rigoletto in many of her personal traits; but in the highest walks of tragedy, as Lady Macbeth, Lady Constance, in "King John," and such parts, she is deficient in massive power of execution, a defect which her intelligence, great as it is, and her conscientious study of her author, are inadequate to supply. She is a charming actress, and a high-souled woman. Would the stage had many such!

LUTHER JENKINS BOOTH.—A first met Booth (pere) on Simpson's benefit, at the Park theater, in 1844, previous to his (Simpson's) going to England in search of novelties, for which purpose it was hoped that this benefit would put him in funds. Poor Simpson! he was always at low water mark; and the fortunes of the Park theater annually grew more desperate. On this occasion, a sort of olla podrida of acting and singing was got up. I was requested, and assented, to play the second part of the "Lady of Lyons," with Booth, including the great quarrel scene, in which he was to be Cassius, and I Brutus. Knowing Booth's irregularity in business, I did not go to the theater for rehearsal, as it was pretty certain to be lost labor. At night, he did not arrive till very late—some time after the hour at which our scene ought to have commenced; consequently, I did not see him till he rushed on the stage to me, after the flourish of trumpets, which announces the arrival of Cassius. On he came, with a brusqueness quite in character, confronted me, stopped, gave his usual long snarl—a sort of drawing in of the breath through his nostrils, which was a habit with him—made a dead halt, glared, and said nothing! I supposed at first, never having encountered him professionally, that it was his usual mode of commencing this scene, and that the long pause was merely the herald of the coming storm—a lull before the thunder crash. I waited patiently; but not a sound, not a word, Booth still glared on me mysteriously, with blood shot eyes. At last, when I thought this pause threatened to "stretch out to the crack of doom,"

I began to suspect the cause of the mystery; and, as gently as possible, suggested that we had waited long enough by giving him "the word," in an under tone.

"Most noble brother, you have done me wrong!" This recalled him to himself, and broke his abstraction; he gave another of his sniffs—said, sotto voce, to me, "Thank you!"—and coolly enough proceeded with his part.

"Most noble brother, you have done me wrong!"—and so the scene went on.

A MAHOMMEDAN AT PRAYER.—Among them I noticed a Bonian, whose white turban and green jacket denoted particular holiness. Accosting him in Arabic, which he spoke imperfectly, I found he was a Hadji, having made the grand pilgrimage to all the holy places. We quite agreed upon the subject of Damascus, the mere mention of which brought the water into his mouth. He prayed with prayer-worthy regularity, at stated times, generally finding the direction of Mecca within four points. One evening, however, while we were at anchor, the ship drifted around with the tide, and the Hadji, not noticing this, commenced praying with his face toward Rome. I at once perceived this scandalous mistake, and interrupted the devotions of the holy man, to set him right. "In the name of God!" he exclaimed, "but you are right. This comes from trusting the Frank vessels." [Taylor's Travels in Greece.]

EXTINCT FAMILIES.—Mr Robert Stephenson leaves no family behind him. His wife died many years ago, and he remained a widower, so that the direct line from George Stephenson, the eminent English engineer, has died out. James Watt, the noted British inventor, left no descendants. It appears that the men noted for mechanical genius, like many of those famous in literature, science and government in Great Britain, leave no children to perpetuate their names. Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Newton, Harvey, Pope, Mansfield, Pitt, Fox, Gray, Cowper, Collins, Thompson, Goldsmith, Gay, Congreve, Hume, Bishop, Butler, Locke, Hobbes, Adam Smith, Bentham, Davy, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Flaxman, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and others well known to fame in British annals, have no lineal representative now living.

HEAVEN.—Where is heaven? Plato points to the snowy summits of cold Olympus, and says, "It is there." Swendeborg beholds spiritual presence in all space, and says, "It is every where." Wadsworth lives again through his youth, and replies, "Heaven lies about us in our infancy." Says the theologian and poet, "I turn from you, and ask the little blind girl, and she replies, 'Heaven is where God is.'"

The Paducah paper calls one of our city cotemporaries "a notable editor." Probably it means not able.

HUMOROUS.

If a man marry a shrew, are we to suppose he is shrewd?
We know a man so habitually sleepy, that his curiosity cannot be awakened.
A wise saw is a saw, all the teeth of which are wisdom teeth.
Fast men, like fast rivers, are generally very shallow.
In a neighboring town lives a person who has always refused to give anything toward the support of religious worship. A few years ago a new church was built, and that gentleman, to the surprise of all, gave a bell for the new structure. On being asked the reason, he said he never put his money where he could not hear it ring.

A young man whose love is not reciprocated soon experiences lassitude.
A friend complains of a feline Thomas whose evenings are spent in courting the mews under his window.
The atmosphere of a fashionable lady's dressing room is generally very clothesy (close).

A young man who received a blowing-up from his sweetheart, retorted by calling her a wind-lass.

A reporter who takes notes says that they are altered before being passed off upon the public.

No tune is so popular, and yet so hard to catch, as for-tune.

The reason why whales frequent the Arctic seas is probably because they supply the "northern lights with oil."

How is it that the trees can put on a new dress without opening their trunks? Because they "leave" out their summer clothing.

"Who is that lovely girl?" said the witty Lord Norbury, in company with his friend, Counsellor Grant. "Miss Glass," replied Grant. "I should often be intoxicated, could I place such a glass to my lips," said Norbury.

Herr Hacklander, the Stuttgart author, says life has three kisses that are crises: "The first is that which the mother presses on the new-born infant's head; the second that which the newly-wedded bride bestows on your lips; the third that which love or friendship closes your eyes, when your career on earth is ended."

ARITHMETIC.—"Julius, I suppose you are a good scholar." "Not as good as I ought to be, Sam. Why?" "Because I wanted to ask you a question." "What is it Sam?" "Have you ever studied arithmetic?" "Of course." "Well now, suppose that a man should buy a pair of chickens at twelve and a half cents a pound, and the chickens weighed seven pounds and a quarter, what would they come to?" "Was it in de mornin'?" "Why, what has that to do with it?" "A great deal; because, if it was in de mornin' and my wife bought 'em, I know 'actly what dey would come to." "What would they come to?" "A chicken pot-pie, an a mighty sudden disappearance."

"Have pity on a poor blind woman," cried an athletic beggar man to a passer-by. "You must be mad as well as blind," was the answer; "you look more like a stout, able man, than a poor blind woman." "Ah, sir," replied the beggar, "that's true enough; but as I take the place of my poor blind sister that's dead, I have to go on with the business in her name, and if I said I was a strong man, of course nobody would pity me."

"I'm thine till death," as the rope said to the man about to be hanged.

MERCHANTS' ATTENTION.

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